

talks on marketing by Hoyt's

FEBRUARY 20, 1922

We need Labor not Orders

UNTIL recently, for the past four to five years, throughout the manufacturing world, the dominant demand has been for Production.

Four years ago, the president of a company for whom we had conducted considerable advertising said to us, "Of what use is all your advertising now? We don't need orders. We do need labor. We want increased production. Show us how we can advertise to secure labor and we will be interested." We did; and a half a dozen other manufacturers who heard of our success asked for similar help. But today that president is not talking about not needing orders. Today it is necessary, and advisable, that he give his attention to marketing.

What is needed now is not better manufacturing facilities but more salesmen, improved sales methods, and a higher quality of salesmanship.

A Big Opportunity

THOSE who wait for better business conditions will be left behind. Right now is the biggest opportunity in ten years for a firm to establish itself, to obtain a foothold with the trade and the consumer, which will give it a position of leadership from which it cannot be moved when business conditions are better.

It is right and proper that the heads of business should give their attention to improving their methods of marketing. Precedent, if formed by the experience of the past five years, should not be the guide.

A firm in Connecticut has built an enormous business through the aid of resident agents who sell direct to the home. Another firm in the same state, which is over 75 years old, has recently taken an important step by selling direct to the retail trade, eliminating the exclusive use of the jobber. Another is using intense local cooperative advertising in which the retailer shares the cost.

Salesmen are Necessary

NOT once during the past twenty years has there been a time in which salesmen were more useful and necessary. The proper use of salesmen presents a fascinating problem, the solution of which will yield handsome profits.

If a firm was planning to erect a factory to cost \$50,000 and upward, plans would be carefully drawn up and the heads of the business would participate actively.

The marketing program of a firm, including all costs that enter into it, such as sales management, salesmen, commissions and advertising, covering everything of a printed nature (catalogs, letters, circulars, trade papers and general display advertising) amounts to as much, within a year, as new equipment, factories, etc. This deserves careful, before-hand planning.

Before Hoyt's Service will enter into a marketing program it insists on careful planning. Before Hoyt's Service asks a firm to appropriate any money for marketing expense, it insists on an arrangement under which its facilities are concentrated on a detailed plan of operation.

"Preparedness" has been the big word of the past five years. Today "Preparedness" is the thing in marketing. No matter when you expect to start—be prepared. The time to start may come and find you not prepared.

Right now is the time to make ready. It costs less to make ready before than after.

Hoyt's Service, Inc., would like to talk to executives who believe in "Preparedness." We will explain the steps we consider necessary in making ready for marketing.

Write, telephone or call on our nearest office.

Hoyt's Service, Inc.
PLANNED ADVERTISING
116 WEST 32nd STREET
NEW YORK

BOSTON CLEVELAND
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

HAVANA RUM DOCTORS AND RUNNERS OPENLY ADULTERATE AND SELL

Investigation Shows That a Fixed Amount of Whisky in Cuba Remains Fixed Because of the Miraculous Rectifying Process.

60,000 BARREL INVESTMENT REVEALS SECRET WHY IT REMAINS AT 60,000

In Regard to the Transfer of the So-Called Scotch to the United States, Nobody Is Reticent in the Least, the Smuggling Craft Following a Regular Schedule.

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK HERALD. Copyright, 1922, by THE NEW YORK HERALD.
HAVANA, Cuba, Feb. 19.—The service rendered to the Atlantic coast of the United States by the Bahama Islands is duplicated for the Gulf of Mexico ports by Cuba. There is nothing particularly sensational in saying or writing that Havana is the producer of thousands of cases of alcoholic liquors that are now being smuggled into America by way of the Gulf ports from Key West to Mobile.

Everybody who cares a rap about it knows it. Much more interesting is a survey of the Cuban supply of booze; that is the booze that is being handled by the rum runner. He has been carrying whisky, gin and the like to the States for two years. There have been months when the flood entering the States has assumed appalling proportions; there have been seasons when the traffic has dwindled to a mere trickle.

Every so often the American rum smuggler holding forth here in Havana is warned that a new prohibition enforcement officer is due at Tampa, Apalachicola, Pensacola or Mobile. The warning always comes in ample time. The new agent plunges into his tasks with great vigor and he is cheered by the next month's statistics. The traffic has abated. But he suffers the fate of his predecessor. Within another month the old game is going along as merrily as ever and the new agent retires to the position taken by all who preceded him, saying:

"How are we going to cover hundreds of miles of coast unless we have the men and the fast motor boats to do it with?"

Up in New York you are invited to a drink in the locker room at the golf club or at dinner at your friend's house and probably you hear this:

"Now you needn't be afraid of this stuff. This won't blind you. This is the real stuff—straight from Havana. Moreover I know it's from Havana. You need no better guarantee, do you? Stuff you get from Havana is just the same as the stuff we used to buy over the bar before January, 1920. Here's how."

And you toss off that good Havana stuff, produce the expected shudder of appreciation, have another and then settle down to knock off two or three more.

The Awakening.

"Yes, sir," say you, "that's the genuine stuff. Whut! You don't often get stuff like that these days, old man."

"Not except you get it from Havana," replies the enthusiastic supplier. "Don't trust that Bahamian stuff any more. They're doctoring it down on Grand Bahama, not to speak of Nassau and Bimini. But this Havana stuff—let's have another."

With five or six old Havana whiskeys beneath your waistcoat you return home to fall into a deathlike sleep. You awaken in the morning wondering who stabbed you. Queer thing, this. In the old days, while you were no drunkard or anything like that, you were able to put away quite a few more than four or five and be fit. Something very strange; very, very strange. Not used to it, maybe.

Ah, that's it—that's it precisely. You've been used to it. Here you've been more or less on the water wagon for a couple of years and suddenly you take a few shots. Sure, that's it. Not used to it. Stuff was all right; merely not used to it. Stuff must have been all right. Came from Havana.

Has that ever occurred to any of your drinking citizens of the United States?

Well, you should take the trip that THE NEW YORK HERALD correspondent took and talk to the distillers, the rectifiers and the rough-neck bootleggers and rum runners that he talked to. There is no secret about it. They don't care how much you talk about them. You don't have to pussy-foot around. Just ask lots of questions. Consider, for instance, this particular example:

Tale of 60,000 Barrels.

Before January 16, 1920 (the cutoff for all liquor exports from the States) a combination of American capital transported 60,000 barrels of various American whiskeys to Havana. In addition they sent to Cuba some brandies, champagnes and other drinks. But whisky was the bulk of the consignment and it is said on very good authority that the stuff and the transportation cost these capitalists about \$4,000,000. That sum may be incorrect. It makes little difference anyway.

Mind you, this was but a portion of the American flood that descended upon Havana. It is merely one circumstance that will serve to illustrate the local rectifying situation. At that time Havana was rich. The horrible collapse had not been accomplished. The things concerning Cuban and Spanish sugar planters and gamblers consisted in new ways to spend money.

To be brief, booze was the least of Havana's troubles and it is today for all that. But Cuba was not like the Bahamas.

The Bahamas, in their chronic state of poverty, opened everything from their already empty warehouses to their surplus private homes for liquor storage. Prohibition meant the salvation of the Bahamas. But not so Havana. Sugar still was Havana's god and a very benign, smiling god it was at the time. Therefore Havana did not have the storage space to devote to all this scared American liquor.

Inside the Stockade.

So these Americans with all their fugitive booze simply dumped their barrels and cases on the ground and built wooden stockades around about.

into the States from Havana. There is a de luxe service between here and points in the Gulf of Mexico, three miles off shore, carried on by four or five seventy-five foot yachts—fast, commodious craft capable of traveling much faster than any revenue cutter in those parts. These yachts are carrying expensive but undiluted and unadulterated liquor.

THE NEW YORK HERALD correspondent was given what purports to be a schedule for these yachts. It may or may not be entirely accurate. At least it is not at all illogical as things do down here. And the secrecy and mystery surrounding these big booze runners has been and continues great. There is far less secrecy about the loading and the getting away of large privately owned yachts that come here like they do to Nassau in the Bahamas for cargoes of private stock.

On a Regular Schedule.

These alleged schedules have it that each of these yachts shall make at least one trip a week. The booze they carry is contracted for. The bulk of it goes far inland; some as far as Chicago. We shall say, for instance, that plans have been laid to get the stuff into Mobile and thence, aboard train, to St. Louis or Chicago. It is carefully packed in trunks, traveling bags, suit cases and so on and each bag or trunk carefully marked for identification. It is expensive stuff—whisky, rum, champagne and good red wines. A small group of men in Chicago, we shall say, have ordered 100 cases. This may represent an investment of \$15,000 in booze alone.

They will have a representative in Mobile who is all fitted up as a man of means traveling in a private car. He has made every necessary arrangement. Small boats have met the yacht three or four miles off the coast and fetched the stuff ashore. Naturally it will not be taken straight into Mobile, but into a convenient cove near by. This consignment of 100 cases is, it must be understood, but a part of the yacht's cargo. It may have fetched up the Gulf as many as 3,000 or 4,000 cases of booze. But her entire cargo is the sinner pure article. Big money is to be paid for it and such customers are to be treated with deference.

But this one specific lot of 100 cases is delivered somewhere in the vicinity of Mobile and carried in motor cars into the city. It is not unlikely that the trunks and so forth will go to a hotel for a day and then the ostensible owner will decide that business calls him North. He orders his private car attached to a train. His trunks are loaded into the car. Off he goes. There's a risk, of course, but there is nothing suspicious about it. It is merely a rich man with lots of baggage traveling in his private car.

There's a Simple Way.

Thousands of cases of good whisky and wines are supposed to reach the better trade in this manner. Another method while simpler and less pretentious is common enough. Let one of the bootleggers who has utilized this method tell his own story as he told it to THE NEW YORK HERALD correspondent:

"When I was operating out of Pensacola," he said, "I used to take commissions to deliver stuff as far north as Chicago. One of my clients being a man of means and alcoholic desire would give me the necessary money to go to Havana and get him fifty cases, we'll say, of stuff. It would cost him about 50 per cent. more getting it this way, but he wanted to be sure of getting good stuff and wanted to be sure of getting it home."

"Well, I'd go to Havana or come to Havana rather, buy the stuff, pack it in suit cases and trunks and arrange to have it carried to Pensacola for ten or fifteen or twenty dollars a case. Expensive work. But I'd get it into Pensacola and then make for the railroad. Now I'm an old bird at the business. The red caps in the station know me. So I'd order there."

"My baggage would have no real identification marks except, possibly, strips of tire tape wrapped around the handles of the trunks and bags. I would have a bit of tire tape around my finger. I let the red caps who flocked toward me see that taped finger and they would take charge of the taped baggage. This insured gentle and expeditious handling. They were well paid for their care."

The Taped Finger.

"In Chicago I would be met by a man who was as well known around the railroad station as I was in Pensacola. He caught the signal from me—the taped finger and he taped his finger. The red caps there knowing him and observing his finger, would be just as gentle with the bags as the porters had been in Pensacola."

This seems to have been a popular method of getting Havana whisky into the middle Western States. Of course it was cumbersome and expensive but probably the end justified (in the mind of the ultimate consumer) the means.

Earnest efforts to obtain from the records of the Cuban Government liquor import statistics indicate that there has been something less than efficiency in the department responsible for such figures. However, there has been a falling off in the last six months. It has not been a tremendous decrease. As a matter of fact, despite the so-called falling off the imports for the last year were double those of 1920 and nearly four times as large as those in 1919.

After all the figures do not play a large part in the final result. Sugar was and will be Cuba's great staple. Whisky, despite the aridness of the United States, is but a minor consideration, although in this abysmal depression in this country booze has come to the rescue of many a defunct sugar baron.

The price of booze to the bootlegger does not materially differ from the rates charged in the Bahamas. Scotch of a fairly good quality costs the booze runner about \$20 a case at the warehouse here. The best rye or bourbon will cost more because there is less of it, although the demand is not so

great. But the popular stuff is the synthetic scotch and rye—the power-house stuff that is made up of cane alcohol and water and creosote. There is authority in this admixture. It fetches results and it costs the whisky runner only \$12 a case. His investment is smaller, his losses the same if he is caught and he gets the same old price in the States—anywhere from \$80 to \$110 a case. There is money in this business.

Whisky Is Not All.

This account of the alcoholic trail from here to the Gulf ports has to do with whisky only, simply because whisky constitutes about 90 per cent of the stuff carried. The quantity of Bacardi rum is relatively small. They are making gin in the States as quickly and as expertly as they can make it here, so gin doesn't figure in this article.

"I was a captain on a tug in New York Bay just before I came here to Havana," said one of the most daring of the rum runners. "My experience at sea is broad. I knew the Gulf as well as I came to know the harbor at New York. I had a little money and left New York for Key West early in 1921. A friend of mine tipped me off to what was going to happen."

"I had enough to charter a forty foot powerboat but not enough to get a load of booze here in Havana. So I came to Havana anyway and began casting about for a stake. I went to one of the big rectifiers here and asked him to stake me. He turned me down and another American saved my life. He took me aside and said:

"Say, you need money, don't you?"

"You said it," I replied.

"All right," he answered, "come with me."

"I went and what do you think he staked me to?"

"What?"

"Fifteen Chiniks," replied the booze runner. "He gave me fifteen Chiniks to haul over to Tampa at \$400 a head. I might have got \$500 a head for them but I needed money and was willing to cut rates. That netted me \$6,000."

"I came back to Havana and bought booze and I've been running it ever since. Now and then I carry a Chinik or a few Europeans because it's good business but booze is my standby. A lot of us Americans in this business were pinched when the Cuban banks went under but I never trusted these Central American financial institutions. I did my banking in the States through my son."

"Is your son in business with you?"

"Oh, yes; he's my American representative. He gets the orders and I fill them."

No Bother Over Ports.

These whisky runners are not hampered by port regulations as they are in Nassau. In the Bahamas there is but one port of clearance and that's Nassau. Here there are several. Furthermore Cuba is larger than any or all the Bahamas and naturally the business of losing oneself here is easier. In Nassau there is a bother of getting false papers and making false clearings with false declarations.

There is nothing like that in Cuba. Every day you may see motor trucks lumbering out of Havana to points along the northern coast east or west of this city. Each is heavy with whisky. You can go to any wholesaler and buy anything you want. He does not care what you do with it. If you are going to run it into the States you ship your stuff out of town to the cove that you are making your port and —

"Papers?" laughed one of the runners. "What for? All we need is the hooch in the boat and we're off. Practically all the rum runners are Americans. The other day your correspondent was down in Reina street with one of the oldest of them."

"When are you going to New York?" the old fellow demanded.

"I don't know, yet," was the reply. "Why?"

"Well, I've just been talking to one of the biggest distillers here and he has made me a proposition that requires help. He has a fine disposal, between two and three hundred thousand gallons of cane alcohol—proof spirits, mind you—and he has given me an option on it."

"He offers it to me for thirty cents a gallon. What do you have to pay for medicated alcohol in the States?"

"You can buy it in the drug stores retail for about \$3 a quart," hazarded the reporter.

Cane Alcohol.

"Well, I can get pure cane alcohol for 30 cents a gallon—250,000 gallons of it and what am I going to do with it? If you want to make some money connect me with some one in New York who can handle it. I can get a three masted schooner at a moment's notice and I'll take the stuff up myself. All I want to know is how to dispose of it and what would you do about it?"

"That's somewhat out of your line, isn't it?"

"Yes, replied the old chap. 'I've made a neat pile running stuff across the Gulf, and I'm going to make much more. But this looks like a cleanup and I'd like to make a hundred thousand dollars at a clip.'"

There is another industrious runner down in Third Avenue, New York. "I tried running my gin mill after prohibition set in," he explained, "and was pinched. The Grand Jury failed to indict me, and I started up again. The next time the Grand Jury did indict me, but I was found not guilty."

I made a third attempt and got out just before the Volsteaders got my place and I kept on going until I arrived here in Havana. This is the life. I have made fifty thousand dollars in a few months running small boats to the western coast of Florida. A man's a fool to try to run a gin mill in New York when this graft is here for the asking."

In these desperate times here in Havana erstwhile respectables have descended to approach the business of running booze. The following advertisement appeared in a Havana newspaper recently:

A Business Proposition.

"Business Proposition—Lady owns 60 foot yacht capable of making 15 miles an hour. Is willing to come to agreement with right party whereby she retains half interest in proceeds of business done by boat. Alert business man can have boat on those terms."

At least six rum runners interviewed the lady.

"A friend of mine went to see her," said the old fellow who had the option on the cane alcohol. "She told him that she was desperately in need of money and that she didn't care to what use the boat was put just so long as there were quick hand sizable profits. She became highly incensed when he suggested rum running, being a blunt man, and told him she wanted no details—nothing but financial returns."

"I don't know whether he'll take the boat or not. There are lots of boats available now, lots of them. Maybe she'll have to be content with one-third of the profits and be willing to stand loosing the boat."

At least one venture made by a well known race track character ended rather disastrously for him. Friends of his in Mexico, asked him to ship them 1,000 cases of good Scotch whisky to a place near the American border. He sent the synthetic stuff—the Scotch built up of cane alcohol and creosote. He shipped it to New Orleans and consigned it in bond to El Paso, where it was routed south into Mexico.

A good price was paid for it and it was sold at the Mexican town as the best that Havana produces. It almost ruined a number of influential Mexicans and Americans. This race track man has declined all invitations to the Mexican courses ever since.

WHEELER'S DRY PLEA CITES FATE OF ATHENS

Says America Must Stand by Law or Fail in End.

Wayne B. Wheeler, national counsel of the Anti-Saloon League, speaking last night in the Emmanuel Baptist Church in Brooklyn, declared that "prohibition is winning in spite of a most determined effort to overthrow it."

Mr. Wheeler produced figures to show that prohibition has had a salutary effect socially and economically throughout the country, and warned his audience that if respect for the law is undermined through disregard for the Eighteenth Amendment, the United States cannot escape the fate of other democracies that have eventually met failure in the past.

"The United States," he said, "is at the crossroads on the greatest issue ever placed before the American people. She will either choose law and order or yield to lawlessness. She will either stand for orderly government or anarchy."

"Ours is not the first great democracy. Athens lived 900 years; Carthage, 700, and Rome, 500 years before orderly government was undermined and destroyed. When obedience to law was superseded by disrespect for and defiance of law, those nations were doomed just as surely as will be our nation if we yield to the false doctrine of personal liberty and evasion of personal responsibility in sustaining law and order."

"Beer is the diamond rattle in the liquor family. It represented 90 per cent of the trade and about 95 per cent of the corruption in politics before prohibition. To allow it to return means nullification of the law and demoralization of the whole prohibition policy."

William H. Anderson, State superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, sent a letter yesterday to Mayor Hyman in connection with the enabling bills now before the State Legislature, which are intended to authorize the enactment of municipal ordinances for the enforcement of prohibition.

The letter inquires whether Mayor Hyman knows any good reason why New York city should not have power to enact such an ordinance.

FOUNDED 1856

HE weather is right—the fabrica reliable—the downward revision of prices timely.

Men's Winter overcoats liberal variety of materials and sizes, savings all along the line—especially those reduced to \$40.

Revised prices on suits too.

Information for travelers
26 Trunks reduced to cost.
Readjusted prices \$16 to \$75.

BROKAW BROTHERS
1457-1463 BROADWAY
AT FORTY-SECOND STREET

OH, MAN!

We're Holding a Sale of

Shaving Articles

Auto Strop Safety Razor, Model C, complete with strop and extra blades. 74c

Star Safety Razor, heavy blade type, complete in a neat case. Usually sells at \$2.49. 98c

Star Safety Razor, Wafer Blade type, with six blades in case. Usually 98c. 49c

Wostenholm True Pipe Razor, a celebrated Old World brand that has shaved men for more than 200 years. Set, honed, ready for use. Usually \$1.98. 98c

Razor Strop, genuine shell horsehide on one side and cordovan on the reverse side. 2 1/4 inches wide. Usually \$1.24. 74c

Razor Strop, dry oak tanned horsehide with reverse side of dressed canvas (linen and cotton). Usually \$1.98 (and low priced at that). 2 1/2 inches wide. \$1.49

Star Safety Razor Blades (wafer type); will also fit holders of the Gem or Ever Ready type. Per dozen, 28c

Brush of Genuine Badger Hair, sterilized; medium size. 94c

Hair Clipper (barber type). Keeps the hair in trim, yours and the kiddies'. Sizes, No. 00, No. 0 and No. 1. Usually \$1.34. 89c

Macy's—Main Floor, Centre, Rear.

R. H. Macy & Co.
HERALD SQUARE Inc. NEW YORK

Men's Winter Overcoats \$38.75

THE kind that you would naturally associate with a much higher price. And which would be much higher priced if they had not been bought in a special purchase.

Made of English all-wool fabrics—in London. Tailored in four attractive styles in several colors.

Sizes 34 to 44

Coats that will give you good service the balance of this season and still be practically new next winter.

Macy's—Fifth Floor, Front

R. H. Macy & Co.
HERALD SQUARE Inc. NEW YORK

MME. SIMCOX

Now showing an excellent collection of Spring and Summer models. We will make to order simple gowns of crepe de chine, crepe satin, chiffon or Georgette for \$145. Models of unusual design in our ready to wear department.

FRANCES BUILDING, 665 FIFTH AVENUE